The Sketch

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MARLENE—
CAMP-SHOWS STAR.

Here's MARLENE DIETRICH, *glamorous and vital as ever in her neat U.S. (Camp Shows) uniform. She's just arrived in London from Hollywood, via Iceland and Greenland, to entertain troops in Britain. She's all for audiences of uniformed men, and says that they are specially enthusiastic over her old songs, such as "The Boys in the Back Room," and always demand the German song "Lili Marlene," which our troops "requisitioned" from the enemy. Last year she did a six-months tour of the European theatres of war, and entertained troops under all sorts and kinds of conditions.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Light on the Subject. Nothing is worth having when you get it! Well, perhaps that is a little strong; shall we say, nothing is as good when you get it as it was before you got it? Shall we also say—though it has undoubtedly been said before—not only that some people are never satisfied, but that very few people are ever satisfied. I apologise for this string of platitudes, but they have been revealed to me, literally, by a flood of light. Light from street-lamps. Coming home the other evening after black-out, I had a vague feeling that there was something odd somewhere. Then I noticed that the street-lamps were burning—discreetly, it is true, but unquestionably shedding illumination.

"Dash it all, Pater! You said yourself that I could smoke when I got a little holder."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Big Moment.

It ought to have been a big moment. It was certainly one to which I had been looking forward for five years. People had told me that when you got to New York, you were dazzled at first by the blaze of light, and within a few moments you took it all for granted. I did not believe them. I thought them very phlegmatic persons. Well, I must also be a very phlegmatic person. My big moment was a flop. Not only was I taking the lamps for granted within a very few moments, but it almost seemed as if I had taken them for granted in anticipation! Disappointing, I call it, and it makes me wonder whether I am going to take for granted even armistice itself. I do hope not; I should like a bit of a binge on that occasion, if there is anything to binge with. Anyhow, I have a very special bottle in readiness. It is Pol Roger, 1921, and—though it is asking a good deal—I expect it to rise superior to age and show itself full of young life.

Now and Then. There are some thrills which do not fail. I keep on saying to myself: We are on German soil. There may still be tough stuff ahead, but the fact remains that we are on German soil. I cannot get over the miracle of it. Think back two years, or even one year, and consider what prospects there seemed to be *then* of fighting on the Rhine. We forget so quickly the chronology of this war, with all its amazing reversals of fortune; but if you have a table of dates handy, you will know what I mean by the miracle of having carried war into the enemy's camp. Almost before one has realised it, *Festung Europa* shrinks to *Festung Deutschland*—still a formidable fortress, but contracted beyond belief. Yes, I find that definitely a thrill, and a big one; and yet one opens one's paper, just as one used to do in the dark days, with a "Nothing in it this morning," and one switches off the wireless after the headlines with a "Nothing fresh." Life goes on; to-day is utterly different from yesterday, but we take it for granted, because it is just life going on.

". . . and now I'll ask Major Mungo to step up to the microphone . . ."

DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

A Queen Restored.

It seems to be going on briskly enough in one place which is determined to live up to its name. I gather that the Rue de la Paix is more convinced than ever that Paix hath her victories no less renowned than war. It has never capitulated, and it is now very busy with plans—more world plans!—for peace fashions. It does not need an international conference at Hot Cakes or Wild Woods or Burnt Oaks; it is an international institution in itself, and doubtless will impose its will on the world, as it has always done. I hope it will be merciful. I have painful recollections of some very distressing fashions in the 'Twenties; I forget exactly what they were, but I think there were hobble skirts, which caused much needless suffering among them. Paris of 1921 left an impression on my mind of forests of beige legs, and I remember

"I think the rank and file of our generals are pretty able fellows."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY

coming regretfully to the conclusion that in this respect all Parisiennes were not as favoured by nature as Mistinguette. I wonder what barrels—or crinolines, as the case may be—we shall have this time? Anticipatory photographs of some "creations" in headgear fill me with gloomy apprehensions.

Olde Worlde. There may be *robes et modes* already in Paris, ready to break loose on the world, but I fear there is not yet an abundance of that good eating which we were wont to associate with the *Ville Lumière*. Alas, for some there is very little eating at all, for Paris is not Normandy. In vain, as yet, to yearn, as several of my friends yearn, for a Victory Dinner at Voisin's or Noel et Peters or Poccardi's; but it is some consolation to learn from the Chairman of the Oil Control Board and Petroleum Secretary—an unexpected authority in this matter—that we can turn our thoughts to the Roast Beef of Old England. "It is not by chance," says Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, "or by mistake that the popular imagination pictures John Bull living on the roast beef of Old England. The scientists have shown us in recent years how much of the strength of our island race is literally bred in the bone from home-grown food, than which there is none more wholesome in the world." Well, I should hardly say that of my home-grown wooden carrots and my open-work cabbages, but, if I can ever get it, I shall be all in favour of the home-grown sirloin as against the Roast Beef of Old South America.

Little Gentlemen. All this talk about roast beef must be very annoying to Hitler, and perhaps we ought not to irritate him, because it seems that he is subject to a good deal of annoyance at present. The fact that his temper is a little uncertain is demonstrated by an order from the Political Education Officer of the German 1st Parachute Division. It calls on all officers to repudiate the unworthy suggestion that "the Führer goes mad with rage, and when in that state tears down curtains, bites the carpet and rolls in convulsions on the floor." Even if the Führer does not give these evidences of his displeasure, his drawing-room manners do not seem to be imitated by some of his captured officers. I read of one Young Hopeful, aged twenty-two, who, when his life had been saved from a bad wound, roared continually for hot milk, wine and beer, demanded that all common soldiers should be removed from his god-like neighbourhood, and "responded to treatment" with abuse and insolence. I have met the type. I remember one, in a captured pill-box, who spat when he was offered a cup of coffee. What is to be done with such thugs? Almost thou persuadest me, Lord Vansittart, to be an Unchristian.

The March of Science. What these irascible people need, of course, is a surgical operation on the brain or the glands. I read of a patient who "for many years had worried about trifles," until, as usually happens, they grew into what G. K. Chesterton called Tremendous Trifles. Carpet-biting and curtain-rending would have been the next stage if a slight operation on some nerves in the brain had not dissipated all the trifles like chaff before the wind. That is all very well, but if all the people (including you and me) who worry about trifles had to undergo an operation, there would not be enough surgeons, tables, and possibly coffins, to go round. Failing surgery, there is always hypnotism. I see that a slight dose of hypnosis completely restored a soldier whose mind had been a blank during 44 days of absence without leave. I have known cruder methods have a remarkable effect on blankness of mind in similar circumstances. If hypnosis won't do, there are drugs; one of them, sodium amytal, is said to unmask the malingerer (or lead-swinger) instantly. What with surgery, hypnosis and drugs, there seem to be very few opportunities for what must now be called "old-fashioned" psychology.

"'Arf a mo, Ma'am. I 'LL ask the questions."

DRAWN BY MASKEE.

Another Illusion Gone! Drugs certainly cannot do everything, though a glance round any chemist's shop might lead you to think otherwise. As W. E. Henley wrote, or might have written—

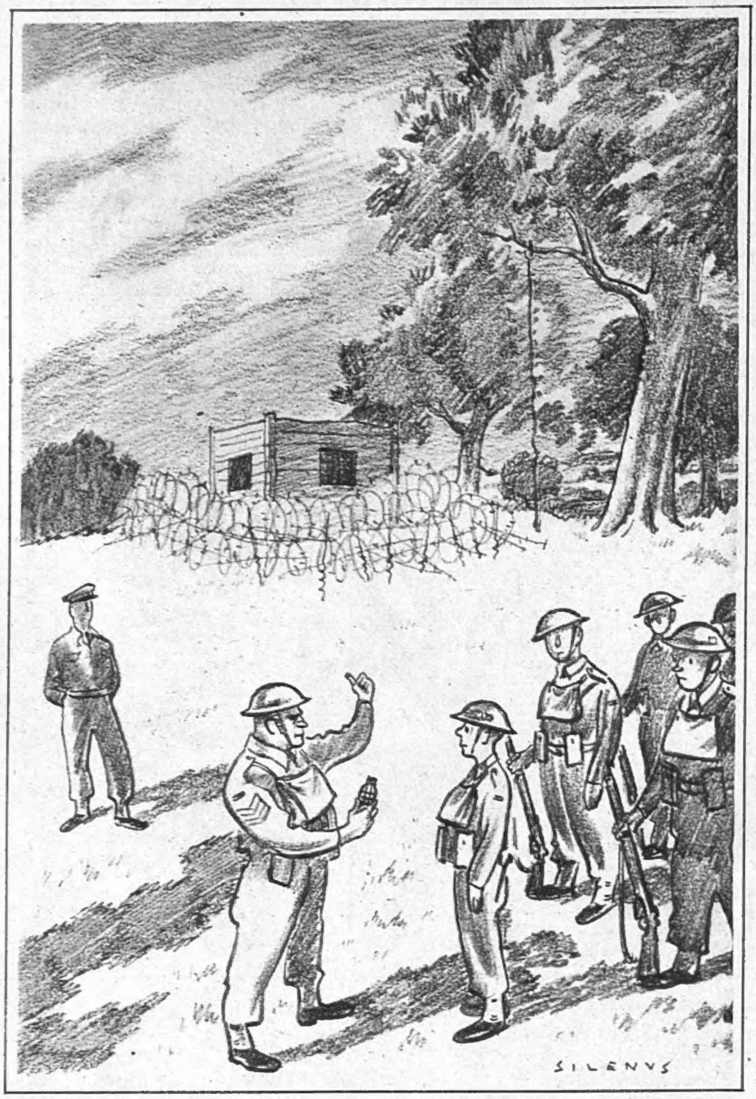
The time of the silence of birds
is upon us,
Sniffs in the nostrils, coughs on
the chest—

or words to that effect. The nation begins to wheeze, whistle and bark. Some time ago there was much talk about a new marvel called Patulin. It was going to relieve humanity of one of its sorest afflictions. The scientists now say, with commendable candour, that it can do nothing of the kind; it was only the reporters

[Continued overleaf.

"You 'll never guess, Joan. I was out with an Englishman last night."

DRAWN BY PITTS.



"Now, that 's a concrete pill-box surrounded by electrified barbed-wire, an' in it is eight Jerries and a couple o' machine-guns. You got a grenade an' a bay'net, so 'op in an' show us 'ow you 'd tackle 'em. An' remember—do it with confidence!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

and news-editors who discovered a turning-point in human history. And so the unfortunate race must go on wheezing, whistling and barking. Well, as the prisoner said when he saw the Judge of Assize taking his seat on the bench, "These things are sent to try us."

Alas, My Poor Brother! Patulin may disappoint, but whisky keeps up its reputation. I have known people who have regarded it as an infallible remedy for almost everything, from lumbago to snake-bite. Their only trouble was that they seemed to suffer almost permanently from lumbago and snake-bite. What I did not know, until our Argus-eyed Press informed me, was that whisky is as good for bullocks as for humans. There was a bullock the other day in Co. Wexford which had been wedged for 49 days in a deep trench—a little careless, I presume, at battle-practice. Naturally, it was not feeling too grand, but whisky soon brought it round. I am wondering what amounts to a bullock's nip of whisky. Also what the price of whisky is in Co. Wexford. Rather less than here, I imagine. But I am told that it is difficult to get a passport to Eire. Pity!

Wheels Within Wheels. I have been reading some late-Victorian reminiscences of the 'Nineties. One of the reasons why they were miscalled "Naughty" was the frightful outbreak of bicycle-mania, which led to all sorts of scandals, like "rational costume," and was thought by many to be undermining the morals of the nation. We have ceased to think of the bicycle so harshly, but lately it has leapt into publicity again, partly because of the new nation-wide industry of larceny which it has prompted, and partly because of its extraordinary fertility of reproduction—a prodigy of nature far out-doing the fecundity of the cod or sturgeon. I did not know that there could possibly be as many bicycles in the world as may now be seen in stacks and mountains on any London railway terminus. And prams. Anybody who can see these vast aggregations of prams and then croak about our declining population must be either cock-eyed or hen-witted. I calculate that at the present rate of increase of prams, the population will have doubled itself by 1950. Whether or not I rejoice in the prospect is entirely my own affair.

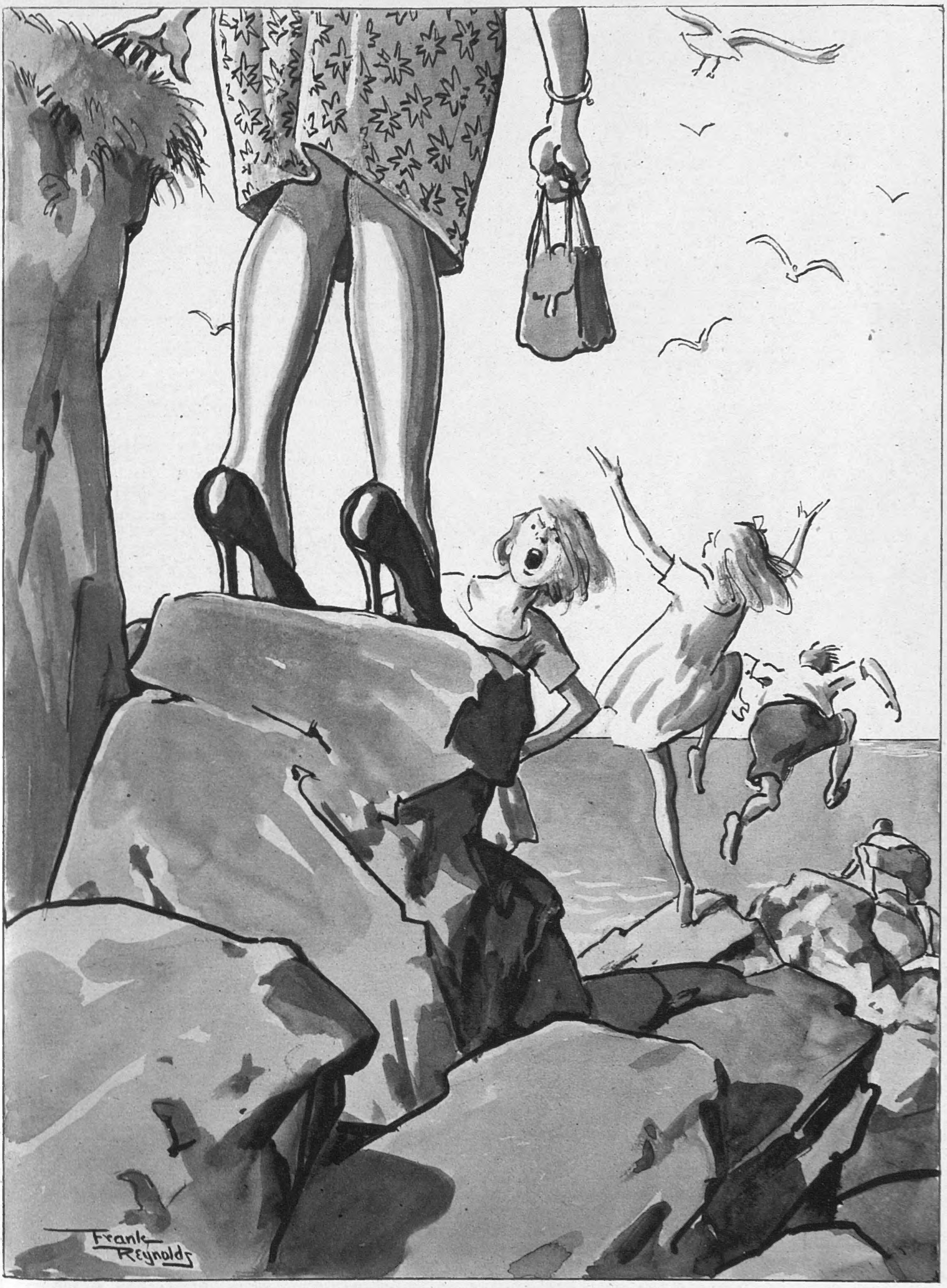
Dentist into Serpent. Now, you would hardly call this a Silly Season, would you, with August well over and some rather important events going on in Europe? And yet I think it must be, because the jolly old Sea Serpent has bobbed up again. It has absolutely terrorised the fishermen at Maranhao. *Don't* tell me you don't know where Maranhao is! It is off the coast of Guimaraes, of course. No, no, no—Guimaraes is *not* an island in Polynesia where two American gunboats have sunk the entire Japanese Navy—it 's in Brazil! Brazil, as you may remember from your "Charley's Aunt," is the place where the sea serpents come from. Let me not, however, seem to speak disrespectfully of these monsters. I am one of the credulous persons who have always believed that the Sea Serpent is not only possible, but probable. But I admit that the only time I have ever seen one was when coming round after having two molars extracted. Unfortunately, he got rather mixed up with the dentist, and there was a bit of a *fracas*. We finished up all square, the dentist having lost an incisor and a bicuspid to my two molars. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, is what I always say.

Dame Partlet. "A few more eggs from the old hen" was the inscription in a volume presented by the author to President Roosevelt. And who do you think the author was? A certain Mr. Winston Churchill. Well, well, well! We all knew that he was a fighting-cock, but few of us suspected these gallinaceous qualities. Did Mr. Roosevelt give any coupons, I wonder?

The Mess Committee—together with a few members of a certain COMMAND H.Q. of the R.A.F. are shown here. This fine body of men is under the able leadership of their president, Group Captain V. Harris, whose immediate past president is Group Captain Worstall.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The ninety-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

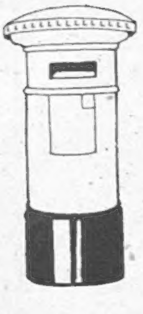


"OH! COME ON, MUM!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Perry is getting very old. His little muzzle is quite grey, and his eyes have a film over them. Charles and I try not to think about him being fourteen, for we love him, although he hardly ever shows us any kindness and becomes more overbearing and masterful every day.

Now that he is old, you'd think that the Walkie question might have become easier; but not at all, dear. Although Perry can no longer go for long walks, his idea is that he should go for a great many short ones instead, and at regular intervals during the day he scrapes the calves of my legs with his sharp little claws as I pass, and looks at me, something near to pleading in his protruding and arrogant brown eyes.

His favourite walk is along the Parade to the barbed wire at the River Mouth, behind which are the notices saying, DANGER. He and I were proceeding in this direction, at a slow pace and with many pauses, after tea to-day, when we met Mrs. Savernack.

"'That dog's getting old, Henrietta.'"

"That dog's getting old, Henrietta," she said.

"Only fourteen, Mrs. Savernack."

"That's ninety-eight," said Mrs. Savernack. "Look at his eyes. You ought to have him put down."

Perry gave her a look of cold dislike.

"He's perfectly healthy," I said.

"'Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware of giving your heart to a dog to tear,'" said Mrs. Savernack, with more sympathy than usual.

"I didn't know you read poetry," I said.

"I don't," said Mrs. Savernack. "That's the only poem I know, and I don't know all of it, and I don't know who wrote it, but it's got more sense than most."

Saddened by this conversation, we walked on until Perry met a Puppy. The Puppy was mongrel, female, and would obviously, when grown-up, be no better than she should be. In the meantime she practised her wiles on the old gentleman in black-and-tan. Perry, like most old gentlemen, was flattered by these attentions; his tail began wagging so fast that it became a blur, and he even attempted a little mild frisking.

I was just wishing Mrs. Savernack could see him, when the Puppy darted roguishly through the barbed wire. Perry followed her, and there they were on the land marked DANGER, surrounded by land-mines. "Perry!" I shouted. "Come back at once!"

Perry, not for the first time, ignored my command. The Puppy licked his nose and ran round him three times. Perry, a victim to mental and physical giddiness, stood rocking on his feet.

"Come here, you Silly Old Man!" I cried angrily, and began weighing Perry's life and mine in the family balance. The Puppy rocketed away still deeper into the danger zone, and Perry followed her, gallantly ignoring his rheumatism. I took a deep breath and shut my eyes. When I opened them Dick Sand-Eye was standing beside me. Dick Sand-Eye is an elderly soldier who has permanent and obscure duties in our village, and has endeared himself to the inhabitants by his cheerful demeanour and his rendering of "Paper Doll" as he goes in and out of a hut which has been built for him just outside the DANGER area at the River Mouth. He is called Dick Sand-Eye because he once got some sand in his eye, and had to go about for several weeks with a pink shade over it.

"If anything happens to me," I said, clutching Dick Sand-Eye's arm, "I want you to give my husband my love, and say I have *always* realised that he is too good for me."

"Now, now, Lady," said Dick Sand-Eye in a soothing way, "you mustn't create like that."

"I'm not creating."

"Yes, you are," said Dick Sand-Eye, "you're leading-off a fair treat. I don't know what the trouble is between you and your husband, but if it's Another Woman, my advice to you is—ignore it."

"But——"

"There's always a chance of a man coming back, provided his missus doesn't create and lead-off."

"But——"

"Lots of elderly gentlemen likes a little fling before it's too late, so to speak."

"Yes, but——"

"But nine times out of ten it doesn't amount to a row of pins."

"Look here, Dick Sand-Eye——" I said loudly.

"Fancy you calling me that, Mrs. Brown!" said Dick Sand-Eye, looking pleased.

"My husband isn't having a love affair with anybody. At least, if he is I haven't noticed."

"Then why go and drown yourself?"

"I——"

"Drowning's a norrible death. All your past life comes before you, they say."

"But, look here——"

"Quite apart from the disgrace, and not being buried in concentrated ground. That is, if they find the body."

"But I don't *want* to drown myself!"

"Then why the Farewell Message?" said Dick Sand-Eye, looking disappointed.

"I'm going in there to fetch my dog, and I may get blown up by a mine."

"There aren't any mines. We pooped them off a long time ago. Last February, to be exact. Didn't you hear them?"

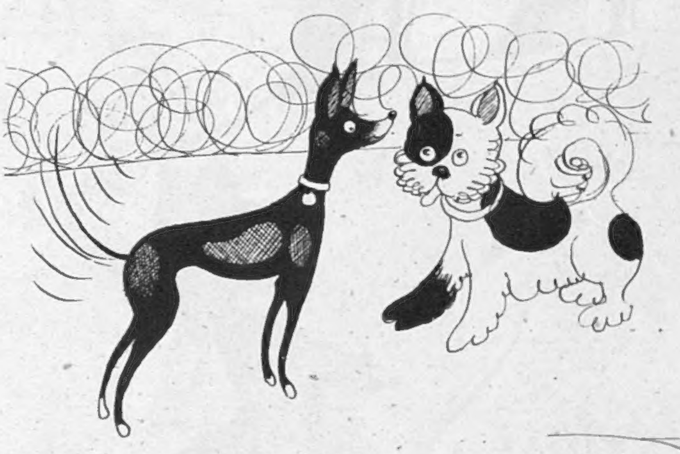
"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought they were bombs."

"So there's no cause for Sweet Adews, after all."

"Really," I said crossly, "you might take down the notices. And, anyway, what's the point of filling the place up with mines and then pooping them off again?"

"Search me," said Dick Sand-Eye, shrugging his shoulders.

At that moment the Puppy came scuttling back through the wire, followed, in a more dignified manner, by Perry.



"Perry, like most old gentlemen, was flattered."

Dick Sand-Eye said he was on his way to our house to have tea with our Evacuees, so we all set off together. At the end of the Parade the Puppy met a young and handsome Corgi and disappeared up the Cliff Path.

Our Evacuees kindly invited me to tea, too, and we had a very pleasant time. In the middle of tea, Bob said: "I say, Mum, you've registered with Mrs. Brown, haven't you? We're coming here for all the wars, aren't we, Mum?"

Always your
affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

"Perry, not for the first time, ignored my command."

BATTLE-ZONE PORTRAIT PAINTER—CATHLEEN MANN.

MISS CATHLEEN MANN, *otherwise Lady Queensberry, flew back last week from France, where she has toured the battle-zones painting portraits of Allied commanders. Under difficult circumstances she made portraits of Generals Dempsey, de Guingand, Laycock and Leclerc, and of Air Marshal Conyngham. They will be shown shortly at the Lefèvre Galleries and then flown to Washington for a pre-view before touring the United States. Miss Mann has returned to Normandy to try and get sittings from General Eisenhower, and Montgomery, Tedder and Bradley.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

ROYALTY, LEADERS, HEROES AND ROMANCE:

PRINCESS ELIZABETH made her first public speech in Scotland, and her first public appearance alone when she received purses in Edinburgh for various good causes.

LIEUT. JOHN F. McGILL, *R.N.V.R.*, carried his bride, WREN EILEEN S. R. JACKSON, up the gangway of the destroyer *H.M.S. "Wessex"* after their wedding. He is a nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, *First Lord of the Admiralty, opened the King Alfred Club for R.N.V.R. officers at 52, Pall Mall. He is with* CAPTAIN WISE, *the Secretary (I.), and* COMMODORE EARL HOWE. *The First Lord made a first-rate opening speech.*

FLIGHT LIEUT. J. A. DE LE PAULLE, *American pilot of the R.C.A.F., recently spent part of ten-days leave in Normandy in capturing four armed German soldiers. He won the D.F.C. for anti-U-boat ops. He already had the Croix de Guerre.*

When MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *arrived home from Quebec with* MRS. CHURCHILL *they were met at the station by two of their daughters. Here they are with the youngest,* SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL, *A.T.S.*

The marriage of SECTION OFFICER ANNE WILSHAW, *W.A.A.F., younger daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw, to* FLYING OFFICER CHARLES DRIVER, *D.F.M., R.A.F., took place at St. Paul's Cathedral.*

PEOPLE OF THE WEEK REVIEWED.

THE KING and QUEEN and PRINCESS ELIZABETH visited a wartime nursery at Craigentinny School during their recent stay in Edinburgh. His Majesty held two Investitures at the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

The Royal Observer Corps have done, and are doing, fine work in guarding us against the approach of hostile aircraft. Here OBSERVERS C. PAYNE and K. A. WHYTE are on duty at their post.

GROUP CAPTAIN PETER RUSSELL ("Johnnie") WALKER is an R.A.F. Ace, who won the D.S.O. in 1942 and the D.F.C. in 1940. In our issue of Sept. 20 we published this photograph, and incorrectly stated it to be a portrait of Wing Commander D. R. Walker.

W/CDR. DEREK RONALD WALKER, R.A.F. ace, took part in the campaigns of Greece, Crete and the Western Desert, and has led many bombing attacks. In our Sept. 20 issue we described a photograph of G/Capt. P. R. Walker as a portrait of W/Cdr. D. R. Walker.

[P]ILOT OFFICER NEALE HILTON, R.N.Z.A.F., of Gisborne, New Zealand, married [M]ISS ELIZABETH O'CONNELL, of Hartford, Connecticut, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride works at the American Embassy.

This little DUTCH NURSE was among those who welcomed our troops at Eindhoven. She wanted a souvenir, so the resourceful British soldier autographed the corner of her white linen cap.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

ALTHOUGH Hollywood, for all its experience, has not yet found the Philosopher's Stone of picture-making, there is one type of film with which it rarely goes wrong. When it comes to murder in a big way, the sheer, hard melodrama of vice, then Hollywood knows exactly what to do with it. That is why "DOUBLE INDEMNITY" (Plaza), for all its nastiness, is one of the best made and most brilliantly acted films London has seen for a long time.

Adapted from James M. Cain's novel (the gentleman, you remember, who also wrote "The Postman Always Knocks Twice"), the story is all about an insurance salesman (Fred MacMurray), who joins with a man's wife (Barbara Stanwyck) to murder the latter's husband for the sake of the insurance money which will accrue from a policy he has been tricked into signing. They think—and with some reason—that they have evolved the perfect murder. But they reckon without the Claims Manager (Edward G. Robinson), who has an uncanny knack of smelling out fraudulent claims; and although he picks on the wrong man, though for the right reasons, he is so near the truth that the real murderer feels bound to confess.

It really wouldn't be fair to the film to tell you the whole story. Partly written by Billy Wilder—who also directed it—it is so closely and brilliantly written that the suspense never slackens until the final shot, and the turns and twists of the plot reach quite considerable heights of ingenuity.

Billy Wilder is obviously going to do big things as a director. Originally a script writer, he got his chance as a director with the Ginger Rogers comedy "The Major and the Minor," and followed this up with that soundly-handled picture, "Five Graves to Cairo." Maybe it only points the moral all over again that the best films are usually those where the director has had a big hand in the writing as well.

Mind you, I'm not going to pretend that "Double Indemnity" is my idea of entertainment. For all its competence it remains a portrayal of an unsavoury situation that has nothing to recommend it. But if you want to see screen technique at its best, you will find it here. It's rather a pity that they couldn't have found a pleasanter story with which to display their ability.

"2000 WOMEN" (Gaumont and Marble Arch) is another example of a film made by a director-writer, this time a British picture by Frank Launder, who wrote and directed "Millions Like Us." It is the story of the women's prison camp at Vittel, but it is done in a spirit of comedy-melodrama, and Launder has been very careful not to allow realism to spoil his entertainment. A British woman who really did escape from an internment camp in France gave him expert advice on detail, but it is still a little difficult to believe that things were exactly as this film would have us believe. However, the result is better than might have been feared.

Since you obviously can't show in detail what happens to 2000 women, the film shows how just a few of them behave—a novice who has not yet taken her final vows (Pat Roc), a journalist (Phyllis Calvert), a showgirl (Jean Kent) with easy morals, a tough baby with a big heart (Renée Houston), and Flora Robson and Muriel Aked as two British maiden ladies with impeccable morals and uncrushable morale. These are the leaders of the women who are lodged under guard in what used to be a French luxury hotel. One night there is an air raid. A British 'plane crash-lands in the grounds of the hotel, and the rest of the film is an account of how the women successfully hide the three British airmen until they can be smuggled out to safety during a camp concert.

There is plenty of excitement; fights between women; a card game where the corpse of a German sits in as dummy; the exposure of one of the women as a spy; a breathless, last-minute get-away. There is a bit of romance, and there is—Heaven help us!—some strip-tease. It is all rather improbable and modestly entertaining. The moral is that Mr. Launder will one day probably give us a very good film indeed.

"BATHING BEAUTY" (Empire) is exactly what you might suspect from its somewhat ingenuous title. It is a highly-coloured confection that was apparently designed with the sole object of showing the comic abilities of Red Skelton, and the curvature and natatorial skill of Miss Esther Williams. It has a slight and absurd story about Red Skelton taking advantage of an archaic clause in the charter of a girls' college in order to win back his wife (Esther Williams), who has left him owing to a misunderstanding over another woman. This gives Red Skelton the opportunity of dressing up as a ballet girl, and the producer the opportunity of staging a very elaborate water spectacle which shows off the charms and abilities of Miss Esther Williams.

Personally, I have never been able to acquire a taste for the brand of humour exploited by Mr. Skelton, but if you find this sort of thing amusing, you won't find the rest of the film any strain on your eyes, nor will it make any great demands on your intellect. You may, of course, wonder why such a trifle needed three people to write the original story on which it is based, one more to adapt it, and three others to write the screen play. It seems a bit excessive in view of the result.

"Bathing Beauty" also contains Harry James and his band, and Xavier Cugat with his. I can't say whether this is likely to prove an additional attraction to you or not. If you like the sort of noises these gentlemen provide, there's nothing more to be said. You'll enjoy yourselves. If not—not.

"THE HITLER GANG" (Carlton) is probably one of the most extraordinary films ever made. It is a factual and authenticated account of the rise of the Nazi Party, "the inside story of an inside job by a gang that stole a nation." It is the intimate and authentic account of the rise to power of a band of international bandits who prevailed for a while "not because they were themselves strong and worthy, but only because they were in no way bound by the codes of civilisation that men have been so many centuries establishing. It presents them, not only as they appeared to the public, but also as they appeared to one another."

Now the extraordinary thing is that this film has been so carefully made, so carefully cast, so magnificently acted, so minutely detailed, that it is well-nigh impossible while watching it to think anything except that one is watching the story of events that were filmed as they occurred. They even went so far as to ban

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=top-score.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" *(Duchess).* Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Parker.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" *(Phœnix).* 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, Malcolm Keen.

*** "UNCLE HARRY" *(Garrick).* Murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

** OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY *(New).* Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Sybil Thorndike, Nicholas Hannen in repertory.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" *(Strand).* Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" *(Globe).* Farce. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" *(Ambassadors).* Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** "TO-MORROW THE WORLD" *(Aldwych).* Nazi youth. Robert Harris, Elizabeth Allan, Jean Cadell, David O'Brien.

** "THE BANBURY NOSE" *(Wyndham's).* Family history, with Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans.

** SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON *(Prince's).* Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert and Alec Sherman conduct.

* "THREE'S A FAMILY" *(Saville).* Comedy. With Vera Pearce.

* "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" *(Duke of York's).* Ralph Lynn, Enid Stamp Taylor.

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" *(His Majesty's).* Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* "BIRD IN HAND" *(St. Martin's).* Drinkwater comedy. Herbert Lomas.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" *(Comedy).* Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" *(Apollo).* J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

* "THE MERRY WIDOW" *(Coliseum).* Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" *(Savoy).* Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler, Austen Trevor, Margaret Scudamore.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

the use of all make-up so that the film might have a factual, newsreel appearance, and one is bound to admit that they have succeeded magnificently.

But the odd thing is that the very success of the film makes its *raison d'être* a very dubious matter. At best it could never hope to be more than a pictorial account of contemporary history; a history, moreover, that has, as yet, no ending. It could never hope to tell us anything we did not already know. It could not hope—and, to be fair, it does not attempt — to explain. It could, and does, only record. The result is that its very accuracy makes for dullness and boredom. It shows us things we would much rather forget. Future historians might, and probably would, be very glad to see even this imaginary record of one of the most astonishing episodes in the history of the human race, but it cannot by any standards be classed as entertainment.

Still, if you want to be reminded of how the evil thing we are fighting came to birth, you cannot do better than see this film. You will be interested and startled and shocked, and maybe this is not altogether a bad thing. At the same time, there may creep into your mind the tiny little seed of doubt whether it is a wise thing to show in so dynamic and dramatic a form how easy it apparently is for a gang of conscienceless thugs to steal a nation. Propaganda on the screen is always apt to be a two-edged weapon.

"The Mask of Dimitrios" (Warner Theatre) is said to be a new type of mystery. A mild Dutch writer of mystery stories, Leyden, is in Istanbul, when the Turkish police chief calls his attention to a body found in the Bosphorus, identified as that of crook fig-seller Dimitrios (ZACHARY SCOTT; *left), who with Abdul* (MONTE BLUE) *is seen threatening Konrad* (DAVID HOFFMAN).

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" (Odeon) is a bird of a very different colour; literally so, since it is in very gorgeous Technicolor indeed. It is a glossy, frothy musical with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, William Bendix and Vivian Blaine, and it is all done with that exhilarating abandon that Fox have made so peculiarly their own.

It is all about an innocent musician from Kansas (Don Ameche), who wanders into a Greenwich Village speakeasy with a few hundred dollars in his wallet and a concerto in his suitcase. The rest of the story follows fairly conventional lines. He is swindled out of his money, and his concerto is eventually performed as part of the show that the proprietor of the speak-easy (William Bendix) puts on to prevent Ziegfeld snapping up his own particular star, Bonnie Watson (Vivian Blaine). Incidentally, the theme of the concerto is "Whispering." Maybe this is a piece of secret information. On the other hand, it is probably just one of those things that Hollywood does. Anyway, what does it matter? "Whispering" always was a good tune.

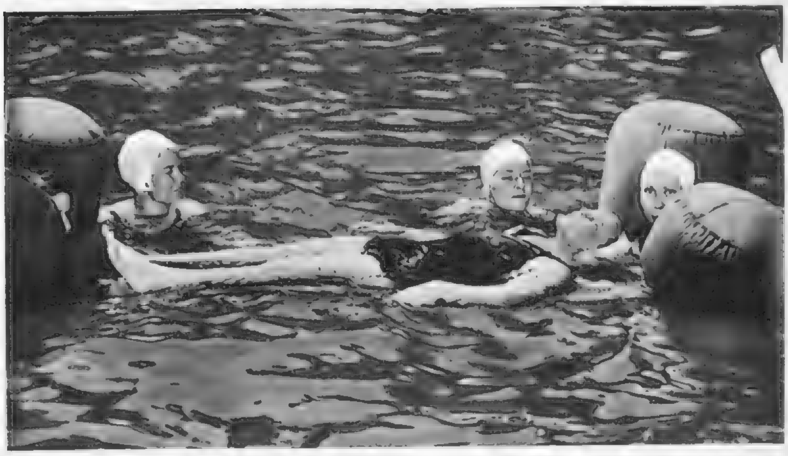
Of course, everything ends up happily. The musician gets his money back and falls in love with Bonnie Watson, and everyone appears perfectly satisfied. On the whole, you'll probably feel the same. It's all very easy on the eye and the ear, and the colour is more intelligently used than is often the case. There are two instances that are quite startling. There is a dancing scene where vivid crimson, bright red and tangerine are used daringly, but entirely successfully; and there is another scene where Vivian Blaine, in black, is photographed against a dead-black background. It's startlingly effective, and it gives one hope that at last someone is beginning to realise that colour is something that can be played with, and not just plastered all over the place because it happens to be handy.

Flashback to 1926 reveals Dimitrios' story to Leyden (PETER LORRE), *who stands by as Mr. Peters* (SYDNEY GREENSTREET) *is levelling his revolver at the Greek fig-seller, but is shot himself.*

The arty quarter of New York in the 'twenties following World War No. 1 is the background for "Greenwich Village" (Odeon), and the plot revolves round Danny O'Mara (WILLIAM BENDIX), *of Dan's Den speakeasy, and a concerto composer, Ken Harvey* (DON AMECHE). *Bonnie Watson* (VIVIAN BLAINE) *is the speakeasy's singing star, and exotic Querida* (CARMEN MIRANDA) *its fortune-telling hostess and entertainer.*

LIEUT. S. W. MAGILL, *for engineering the mass surrender of 20,000 Germans.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THESE U.S. ARMY NURSES, *for their firm belief in inflation.*

REJECTING their suggestion of a face-saving mock battle, twenty-four-year-old LIEUT. S. W. MAGILL, of Ashtabula, Ohio, was mainly responsible for the surrender of 20,000 Germans to twenty-four American soldiers near Orleans. The Nazis were well armed, and had made efforts to join up with German forces in the north of France, but constant harrying by Allied troops and aircraft forced their commander, General Elster, to capitulate. The Nazis retained their arms while marching to the fixed rendezvous, and Lieut. Magill arranged for a strong force of Allied 'planes to fly above the cross-roads where he met the General. With senior U.S. officers, Magill stood watching while the 20,000 Germans came into the prison-pens, some on foot, others on cycles and farm wagons, while a few got a lift on an ice-cream cart.

THE CHEFS OF QUEBEC, *for making our mouths water copiously by their rich contribution to the success of the "Victory" Conference.*

THE U.S. NURSES in swim-suits are demonstrating how four inflated kit-bags attached to a regulation Army hospital cot could keep a patient and nurses afloat in the event of an emergency at sea. This is one of many life-saving devices taught to U.S. Army medical personnel, though it looks more like a summer holiday.

DOESN'T it make your mouth water to see the groaning table and note how the CHEFS OF QUEBEC just let themselves go when they worked out the dishes provided for the second Quebec Conference—the "Victory" Conference? Lobsters, salmon, game-pies, *mousses*, hams, all in *cordon bleu* perfection, were prepared for the meeting of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. The event coincided pleasantly with another celebration, the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Premier's marriage to Mrs. Churchill.

SOME HOLLYWOOD STAR POTENTIALS, *for being perfect physical types who must prove an equally charming mentality.*

PRETTY legs don't have it all their own way when SCREEN DANCERS want to get on to the Hollywood sets. A girl has got to take an aptitude test to determine if she has the psychological potentialities of stardom and possesses a sympathetic personality as well as a good appearance. For this admirable purpose Dr. Paul Popenoe, psychologist, sits in session to give the test, and the girls go back to school for a pretty stiff examination in charm.

TWO U.S. girls, MISS RENEE ROUSSEAU, of Tifton (left), and MISS SARA ANN PROFFITT, of Columbus, are living examples of one use of tobacco leaves. They modelled these bathing-suits for the opening day of a tobacco sale in Georgia. This year's crop of tobacco is said to be the best ever seen in this section. What do you think, smokers?

The MISSES ROUSSEAU *and* PROFFITT, *for being the shape of smokes to come.*

ON THE AIR—SUMNER WELLES.

MR. SUMNER WELLES, *who resigned his post as U.S. Under-Secretary of State just over a year ago, will become a radio news commentator from the middle of this month. His fees, it is said, will be £375 for each broadcast for the first thirteen weeks of his contract, £437 for the next thirteen, and thereafter £500. His book "The Time for Decision," which was published in July, reveals Germany's plans for the next war—already in operation, he says—and suggests methods by which they may be frustrated, chief of which is the partition of Germany into three States. Mr. Welles was born in New York City in 1892, educated at Groton School, Mass., and Harvard. In 1925 he married Miss Mathilde Townsend, and they have two sons.*

AN EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT BY Y. KARSH, OF OTTAWA.

The insects dance merrily, unaware of the dangerous proximity of the Spider's web.

FABRE'S INSECT WORLD TO ROUSSEL MUSIC: SADLER'S WELLS BALLET, "LE FESTIN DE L'ARAIGNÉE."

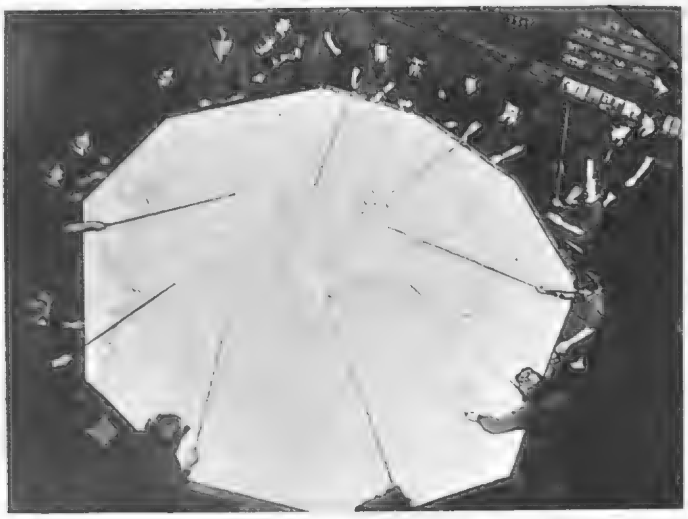
The Spider (CELIA FRANCA) *gloats over the Praying Mantises* (GORDON HAMILTON *and* RAY POWELL) *caught in her web.*

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

The lovely *Butterfly* (LORNA MOSSFORD), *enmeshed in the Spider's web, falls exhausted by her struggles.*

The Spider (CELIA FRANCA), *Mantises* (GORDON HAMILTON *and* RAY POWELL), *Mayfly* (PAULINE CLAYDEN), *and Dragonfly* (HENRY DANTON).

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET arranged to open their ten-weeks season at the Prince's Theatre last Wednesday, September 27. Their répertoire includes "Le Festin de l'Araignée," Miss Andrée Howard's first ballet for the Sadler's Wells Company, which was originally produced in June. The scenario, based on Fabre, was put together in 1912, and Roussel wrote the score for it. Mr. Michael Ayrton, who is responsible for the *décor*, will be remembered for his setting for Gielgud's "Macbeth." The programme for the opening night was "Coppélia," with Robert Helpmann, Alexis Rassine, and Margot Fonteyn in the leading rôles. In the fifth week of the season a new ballet by Robert Helpmann will be given. It is called "Miracle in the Gorbals," and has a scenario by Michael Benthall, music by Arthur Bliss, and *décor* by Edward Burra. "Carnaval" is to be revived on October 10, and "Nocturne" later in the season. Neither of these ballets has been given since Rosebery Avenue days.



As fighter aircraft return to base, plotters round the table in the Operations Room wield their batons as any croupier his rake at the roulette-board.

W.A.A.F. PLOTTERS FOR FIGHTER AND COASTAL COMMAND "OPS."

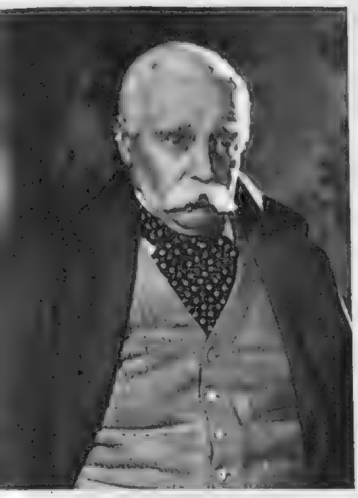
A Special Duties clerk plots the course of a Coastal Command flying-boat returning to base.

The pilots have taken off, and are providing cover for a Normandy-bound convoy. In the Operations Room of a Fighter Station plotters with their batons make up the position of the aircraft, while others man the operational telephones.

EVERY time a home-based Tempest, Spitfire, Beaufighter or Typhoon becomes airborne, W.A.A.F. personnel play a great part in the success of their flight. Behind every story of attack by aircraft of Coastal Command, of the vast necessary arrangements and detailed planning much is done by W.A.A.F. officers and airwomen. And at Bomber Stations, day and night the W.A.A.F. are behind the scenes, taking their share in the preparations and subsequent assessments of success when Allied bombers return from "ops" against military and industrial targets in Germany and Occupied Europe.

Contact with aircraft is maintained. One operator fixes details and position of a fighter, others give ear to pilots' radio-telephony calls, and pass on instructions.

In the corner of an Operations Room, plotters fix the position of an aircraft.



Aged 83, in 1943: ROGER LIVESEY *as Lieut.-General Hume-Banbury.*

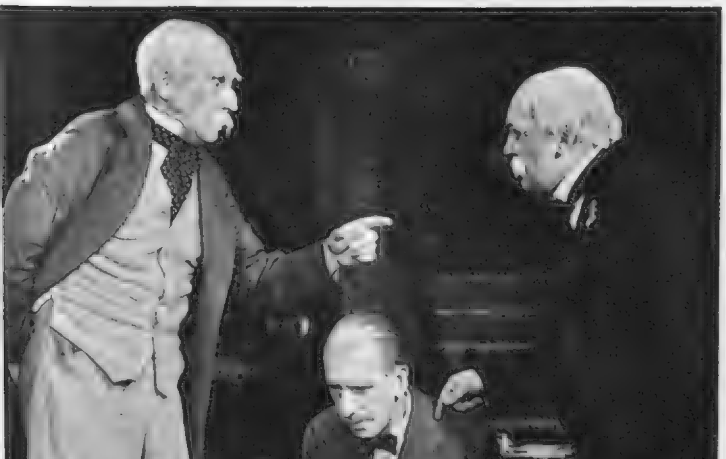
Aged 60, in 1920: ROGER LIVESEY *as Lieut.-General Hume-Banbury.*

Aged 40, in 1900: ROGER LIVESEY *with Frances* (URSULA JEANS).

Aged 24, in 1884: ROGER LIVESEY *with Frances* (URSULA JEANS).

"You're going to be a soldier . . ." "No, I'm not." Young Reginald Banbury (RICHARD HART) *"revokes." Frances, Major Strutt* (MICHAEL SHEPLEY), *Lieut.-General Banbury, the Rev. Guy Saunders* (HUGH BURDON) *and Lieut.-Colonel Banbury* (ALAN TROTTER; *l. to r.*), *in 1920.*

"I've always loved you. I always will. I've never said anything." Major Strutt (MICHAEL SHEPLEY) *confesses to Frances Hume-Banbury* (URSULA JEANS) *that he has been devoted to her since childhood. The scene is set in 1920.*



"Are you pronounced sentence yet, Sir?" Vickery (LYN EVANS; *right*) *and the choleric Lieut.-General Reginald Hume-Banbury divert themselves by bullying the weak Major-General Hume-Banbury* (ALAN TROTTER; *centre*).

PETER USTINOV'S comedy, "THE BANBURY NOSE," at Wyndham's, puts the history of a family into reverse. The play opens in 1943. Lieut.-General Hume-Banbury, aged eighty-three, is a domestic tyrant of the worst type, obsessed by the military tradition of his family—typified by the Banbury nose. His grandson, however, has "revoked." Though he fought in the Spanish War, he is unmilitary. Major-General Hume-Banbury, son of the old fire-eater, though he has had a military career, is a "poor fish." The rest of the play "unwinds" the story of each member of the Banbury circle. Roger Livesey's performance is outstanding, and his make-ups as Reginald at twenty-four, forty, sixty and eighty-three most convincing. The other members of the cast also grow young along with him.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

"What great happy futures lie before us all": Frances, with 2nd Lieut. Strutt, Caroline (ISOLDE DENHAM), *Guy Saunders and Lieut. Reginald Hume-Banbury in 1884.*

FAMILY HISTORY IN REVERSE: "THE BANBURY NOSE."

In the garden, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey: COLONEL G. E. WESTMACOTT, D.S.O., and SERGEANT SAMUEL KATZ, from Tennessee.

The Hon. Secretary of the Churchill Club, MRS. EUAN WALLACE, at work in her office.

RENDEZVOUS FOR DOMINION AN
SET IN HISTORI

THE CHURCHILL CLUB, for members of the United States and Dominion Forces stationed in London "who find interest in those aspects of Britain which are of enduring value and beauty, and form the cherished heritage of the English-speaking peoples," was founded in 1943, with the Prime Minister as its President. It is situated in historic Ashburnham House, Westminster, a building on the site of the original Prior's House (parts of which may still be seen), built about 1660 from designs by Inigo Jones or by his pupil Webb. Originally the home of the Earls of Ashburnham, it was subsequently the prebendal house, and in 1881 was bought by Westminster School, from which it has been leased

SERGT. PHILIP PERRY, from Mass., in the library, which contains over 5000 volumes presented by the Publishers' Association.

The Club Bar: LADY TREDEGAR, MR. F. RALLI, SUB-LIEUTS. GYDE, WOOD and THOMPSON, from New Zealand, SERGT. A. HILL, from Texas, and MISS WALFORD.

PTE. A. J. WEIR, R.C.A.M.C., WING COM. PETER O'BRIEN, D.F.C., R.A.F., *and* MR. R. G. ESPIE, *from Connecticut, at the head of the stairs.*

From Dean's Yard, Westminster: the courtyard and entrance to the Churchill Club.

U.S. FORCES: THE CHURCHILL CLUB, ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.

to the Churchill Club Committee. The Club was established by the Westminster Committee, of which Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., is Chairman. There is no distinction of rank among the members, who include British and Dominion officers, American G.I.s and Dominion N.C.O.s and men. The Joint Under-Secretary of State for Air, Captain Harold Balfour, is a member, and so is Colonel Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mrs. Euan Wallace acts as Hon. Secretary and Lady Winchilsea (herself of American birth) is in charge of the Information Bureau, while Lady Tredegar helps to serve in the bar. There are reading-rooms, a spacious lounge, and a terrace where meals can be taken.

THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA, *in charge of the Information Bureau, with (l. to r.)* LIEUTS. GLIDDEN, W. P. CAMPBELL, JNR., *and* W. H. COULSON, *from the U.S.A.*

Enjoying an alfresco lunch served in the courtyard: members of the club and their friends.

"JENNY JONES"—SET IN COAL-MINE, COTTAGE AND ABBEY.

CAROLE LYNNE *as Dilys, in George Black's new musical show, "Jenny Jones," at the London Hippodrome.*

"An Episode in Havannah": speciality dancer TOMMY LINDEN *and the Corps de Ballet in the operetta set in Nelson's day.*

Dilys and Penry as the lovers in "An Episode in Havannah": CAROLE LYNNE *and* RONALD MILLAR.

"The Story of St. Ceiriog": spectacular ballet story of the Jongleur and the Madonna, with Leslie Hurry costumes.

"JENNY JONES," George Black's new musical play, produced at Brighton before coming to the London Hippodrome on Monday, October 2, is all-Welsh in setting. It opens down a coal-mine, and there are scenes in the cottage of the musical and prolific Morgan Jones, and a lovely ballet in a Welsh abbey. The play is adapted from stories by Rhys Davies, with music by Harry Parr Davies and lyrics by Harold Purcell, and Wendy Toye dances. "An Episode in Havannah" is an operetta based on an incident in Doris Leslie's "Royal William."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONBRIDGE-SEDGWICK.

MAE WEST
AS CATHERINE THE GREAT.

The one and only MAE WEST *has returned to the stage and is now appearing at the Shubert Theatre, Broadway, as Catherine the Great of Russia in her own play, "Catherine Was Great." Obviously Miss West's presentation of the Empress's character is a highly individual one, and the play is proving an enormous success. The costumes and settings are lavish in the extreme and the incomparable Mae has been welcomed back to the stage by a tremendously enthusiastic public.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MYSTICISM is a subject very much in the air at present, and it attracts others than mystics to write about it. The query "Is Somerset Maugham also among the mystics?" would have seemed ironical not very long ago. But it will not seem ironical to those who have read "The Razor's Edge," for though Mr. Maugham does not identify his beliefs with those of Larry Darrell, neither does he profess scepticism; and it is noteworthy that the cynicism which now and then flicks its forked tongue at every other character in the story spares Larry. Some—Isabel, for instance, whom Larry abandoned in order to "loaf," an ideal she thought shaming in a fellow-American—may question his bona fides, but Mr. Maugham, who tells the story in the first person, does not.

Nearly all the characters in this brilliant picture of Americans and others making good or not so good in the years before and after the slump of 1929, are contrasted with Larry; he is an idealist among materialists—unless success can be counted an ideal, as Mr. Maugham, mischievously wooing his public on the last page, suggests it can. Closest to Larry in spirit is the disreputable Sophie Macdonald, whom he so nearly married; she wished for death—an ideal as unmaterial as his for happiness—and found it. Farthest from him, perhaps, is Elliot Templeton, a Europeanised American art connoisseur and dealer, snobbish and worldly to his finger-tips. He is a type who has often appeared in fiction, but seldom more searchingly, or sympathetically, drawn than here; and if in the end Mr. Maugham tires of the realism of Elliot's portrait, and surrounds his death-bed with elements of fantasy and farce, we are decidedly the gainers. The forged invitation which was to bring peace to the dying man, and the tremendous compliment of the Bishop coming in person (and how impressively) to perform the last rites, throw such a true light on human nature that they cease to be cynical.

Cynicism and Plain Speaking.

Mr. Maugham, who must know the difference as well as anybody, does not always distinguish between the cynicism which is a just comment on human nature and that which is not. In rather the same way, his preference for plain speaking is not always an aid to truth. Sometimes (as in the scenes where women confide the qualifications of their sleeping partners) it gives an air of unreality. To clear away the undergrowth of verbal hesitation which surrounds certain subjects is not necessarily to make them clearer. On the other hand, how often his thought pierces the skin of conventional opinion to the perhaps unpalatable truth, or half-truth, beneath.

The believing Christian may be offended because Mr. Maugham has chosen as his type of spiritual aspiration the Yogi and not the Christian model. Such unqualified admiration as he shows (or, rather, permits Larry to show) for Yogi is rare with Mr. Maugham and might perhaps have seemed to him flavourless did it not suggest a comparison unwelcome to some readers. Although Larry in his mystical quest counts the world well lost, Mr. Maugham, I think, does not: he sees the way of Yogi as an alternative to other ways—perhaps the best, but still an alternative, not more, to Elliot's desire for social consequence, Isabel's for an assured position, Suzanne Rouvier's for security. Larry walks a razor-edge to Salvation, they tread broader tracks, but Mr. Maugham, who values human beings more for what they are than for what they profess, does not, I think, regard him as "right" and them as "wrong."

The Indian Scene.

Miss Pamela Hinkson's novels are steeped in the atmosphere of places. "Golden Rose" takes us to Mohlpur, in India, and almost physically we are aware of the tremendous heat—heat from which there is no escape save behind the thick walls of the State Hospital, where Sister Françoise, the Rectress, attends to the needs, ghostly and bodily, of her patients. The land cries out for water, and we are parched with it; Michael Fraser's preoccupation with the canal he is building almost becomes an obsession with us too.

Miss Hinkson's mind turns naturally to symbolism, and the quest for water is symbolical of other quests: for success, as it seems, in the case of John Chartes, the Resident; for love, in the case of Clare, his wife; and for love, too, in the case of Michael Fraser. Only Sister Françoise, by joining an Order of Nursing Nuns, has found the spiritual peace she craves.

A Situation and a Contrast.

The story is based on a situation and a contrast. The situation arises when Clare and Michael fall in love with each other. Clare has an accident; the baby her husband longed for is born dead; she lies ill with peritonitis in the State Hospital, tormented both by her love for Michael and her disloyalty to her husband. She had been disloyal to him only in thought, but the doctor knew that Clare, "being what was called 'a virtuous woman,' would suffer more and love more than one of another kind." Some might challenge the doctor's generalisation, as making undue claims for the virtuous; there may be more suffering in an unfulfilled passion, but not necessarily more love. Be that as it may, her secret, as she believes it to be, gnaws at Clare's peace of mind and jeopardises her recovery; Sister Françoise realises this and sets herself to cure the sick soul. The two women have many talks, each starting (so Clare imagines) from opposite poles of experience. But the nun's early life in the world, as well as her later life of religion, enable her to give Clare the guidance she needs.

Miss Hinkson's delicate sensibility is equally operative for people and places; and if the golden glow diffused through her pages sometimes makes the characters a little indistinct, and beauty so often invoked tends to become familiar, these are blemishes that can be overlooked or even welcomed.

Mr. E. M. Forster.

Of all the blows that modern English literature has had to suffer, Mr. E. M. Forster's unwillingness or inability to publish a novel during the last twenty years is surely the most grievous.

In America, Mr. Lionel Trilling tells us, he has never established a great reputation, and this is odd, because he is a lineal descendant of the New England School: he derives from Hawthorne and Henry James and shares their preoccupation with what Mr. Trilling calls "moral realism." He is of all novelists the most morally alert; and if he does not always seem the most morally profound it is because his intellect, equally alert, distrusts any hard-and-fast moral standard. Man, in his view, is not so much cursed with the knowledge of good and evil as with the knowledge of good-and-evil, co-existing and almost inextricably intertwined. Mr. Forster is in a dilemma. His temperament makes him test his characters continually by moral values, but his mind will not permit him to say precisely what those values are. "Tolerance, good temper and sympathy—they are what matter really, and if the human race is not to collapse they must come to the front before long," is one of his pronouncements dating from 1939. Perhaps the scarcity of such qualities in the modern world is one reason why he does not write novels about it.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIMON ELWES, *who has been working on portraits of distinguished people in India, is seen in his Simla studio with unfinished paintings of the Viceroy, Lord Wavell (above), and the C.-in-C., India, General Sir Claude Auchinleck ("the Auk") (below). He is now engaged on a portrait of H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala on a 10-foot canvas.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEREK ADKINS.

Art and Humour.

But besides being a moralist, and a philosopher speculating on the relation between appearance and reality, Mr. Forster is an artist with an enchanting, disconcerting sense of humour. Art and humour can afford to be merely on bowing acquaintance with morals, and in the first decade of this century, when four out of his five novels were written, it was possible to be more light-hearted about human behaviour than it is now—or than it was in 1924 when he wrote "A Passage to India." Mr. Trilling's brilliant analysis of the five novels takes into account the art and the humour which were at that time the refuges from which Mr. Forster kept his pessimistic conclusions at bay.

This book, the work of an American who thinks our thoughts as easily as he writes our language, is one of the most understanding and illuminating works of literary criticism that has appeared for years. Mr. Forster has never lacked appreciation; but appreciation as discerning and comprehensive as this falls to the lot of few living writers. If only it could persuade him to take up his pen again and reconsider his refusal to be "great"!

Country Sentiment.

The hamlet of King's Fossett clung to its superstitions, not only to the famous curse which gave distinction to the neighbourhood, but also to a veneration for the eccentric Cleveland family, due rather to a survival of feudal feeling than to any intrinsic merit or charm the family possessed. Indeed, Miss Oliver summed up the Cleveland attitude towards the neighbourhood, and the universe generally, when she said, "So long as it's not Simon, you can murder half the village for all I care. They couldn't be much deader than they are now." Perhaps in deference to Mr. Crook's liking for everything "a bit larger than life," the Olivers are highly coloured, but they are not the less interesting for that.

Mr. Crook's aggressive rationality acts like a lightning flash against the murky background of patrician reserve and country reticence which Mr. Anthony Gilbert so cleverly conjures up. "He Came by Night" is a story in which Fortune runs so persistently against the murderer as to suggest that she would have been on the side of the angels had there been enough of them to make a side.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Razor's Edge. By Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann; 12s. 6d.*)
Golden Rose. By Pamela Hinkson. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
E. M. Forster. By Lionel Trilling. (*Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.*)
He Came by Night. By Anthony Gilbert. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl.
No. 10. Esther Williams.

Beautiful swimming champion ESTHER WILLIAMS *heads the spectacular Water Ballet, featured in M.-G.-M.'s new Technicolor production, "Bathing Beauty," and appears in some decorative bathing, diving and swimming sequences. Red Skelton stars in the picture, and Harry James and his band add to its attractions. The film, which is showing at the Empire, Leicester Square, is reviewed on our Cinema Cameos page in this issue.*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. BENTHAM.*

By HARRY HEARSON.

IN a sudden frenzy, Mr. Bentham made futile efforts to thrust aside the clammy, choking fog which pressed on him from all sides, hemming him in and completely shutting off the reassuring world of hedges and fields which lay between the station and his isolated home. Blind to everything but the panic which threatened to overtake him, he hardly realised that he was making agitated swimming gestures with his hands and arms until his neatly-furled umbrella slipped off the crook of his elbow with a muffled clatter. It took him several minutes to grope for it, his trembling hands exploring the rough stony surface of the road around his feet.

He came up again with a gasp, like a drowning man fighting his way to the surface, and plunged on in what he hoped was the right direction. Within a few moments his foot slipped into a muddy ditch, and the trailing brambles of the hedge caught at his hat and overcoat as he blundered out again with a sobbing curse.

He 'd never dreamed it could be as bad as this, or he would have waited at the station. But, even then, he told himself as he struggled on through the blinding vapour, he would only have fretted and chafed, knowing how worried Janet would be all alone in the house, with no news of him, and probably thinking about that dreadful murder in the district only a week ago.

He had tried to 'phone her from the station, only to be told by a bland voice that the telephone was out of order. Something to do with a fog-bound lorry smashing into a telegraph-pole and bringing down the lines. "Damn and blast the lorry!" cried Mr. Bentham, and looked hurriedly over his shoulder for fear he had been overheard talking to himself. Overheard! In this fog!

Mr. Bentham found himself laughing, and with an unreasoning burst of puerile rage cursed and stamped his neatly-pointed shoes, and presently began to grope his way onward again, testing the ground beneath his feet with each separate step.

Never in his life had he seen such a fog as this. Remembering the old cliché, he held up his hand in front of his face, only to find that he really could not see it. All that was visible was a sort of thickening, if that were possible, of the leaden vapour before his eyes. It frightened him.

In a fog like this anything might happen. *Anything.* He thought again of the murder last week, and of the murderer still at large, possibly on the moors. And he thought of Janet, alone in the house, moving nervously from room to room, perhaps testing the doors to see if they were locked. It would take more than locked doors . . .

Mr. Bentham felt himself perspiring warmly, and the damp fog, moving over his face, took the perspiration at his temples and chilled it and spread it across his cheeks like cold fingers stroking his skin.

His feet were labouring, and by this alone he knew that he was going uphill. Fervently he prayed that it might be the right hill, and seeing it in his memory he watched himself walking down it that morning—what years ago it seemed!—as he had walked down it on five mornings a week for years, always to catch the same train to his office in the county town.

The morning had been sunny, after a frost, and Mr. Bentham had enjoyed his walk to the station. Coming out of the house, crossing the lawn and going out through the gateway in the stone wall, he had savoured the sharp freshness of the air and had paused to admire the autumn colourings of the moors which swept rollingly upwards almost from his doorstep.

The moorland in all its moods was one of Mr. Bentham's innocent pleasures. But he knew its grim side, too, and now, doing the journey in reverse, and utterly lost within a mile of his own home, he realised only too well what might happen to him if he strayed too far. Assuming, of course, that he had not already strayed too far.

He had a sudden grim fancy that the fog was wrapped around him like a shroud, an impalpable winding-sheet which followed his every movement, tripped him up, and gave him an unbearable sense of imprisonment.

Thinking of it as a shroud, Mr. Bentham was reminded of the murderer, and found himself quickening his uncertain pace. Struggling along, he bumped into a tree, once or twice slipped again into a ditch, but somehow always managed to scramble back on to the roadway, sweating and fighting his fears. Occasionally he called out aloud, the fog mocking him by swallowing his voice and offering no response.

His steps became slower and slower. He knew that he was lost, and his terror increased as he noticed that it was rapidly becoming very dark. In a sudden access of panic he began to run this way and that, in short, meaningless little spurts, hurting himself with briars and hedge banks, and making little moaning noises like a hound at fault.

Mr. Bentham realised, with disgust, that he was crying. He rubbed the back of his hand savagely across his eyes, and stumbled wearily on, beset by the nagging fear that he had wandered out on to the moors with their patches of treacherous bog and their scattered, unfenced quarries.

Desperately he tried to whip up his courage, but it was useless. And when, presently, he walked into something rough and solid, and felt it with his hand, and knew he was alongside one of those mile-long stone walls that rose and fell across the desolate moorland, his legs seemed to turn to powerless props of rag. He had been following a road of sorts. A moorland track, probably. That much he knew by the feel of the ground beneath his thin-soled shoes.

But now, as he groped his way along the wall and came to a gap, and ventured through it, he found himself on grass. He took a few tentative steps forward, then suddenly wished he was back at the wall, which at least was something real—something even friendly by comparison with this crouching, hostile emptiness around him; this blackness of night endowed by the flowing fog with a horrible illusion of life and silent movement.

Another fearful step forward brought Mr. Bentham's foot against something hard and unyielding, and, bending down to feel it, he made it out to be some sort of stone slab, beyond which there was a looming blackness. Mr. Bentham shied at it like a startled horse, before his tired brain told him that it was probably one of those lonely ramshackle barns dotted at rare intervals about the moors. He might, he considered, work his way carefully around its walls until he came to the doorway, and go inside and rest for a while.

He was about to embark on this course when he remembered with a shock that such barns often had wells beside them, and if he were to stumble . . .

A series of quite vivid pictures took possession of Mr. Bentham's mind and paraded themselves before it in grim sequence. He saw his body, looking somehow very pitiful, at the bottom of a well. . . . Janet frantically pacing about an empty house through the hours of darkness. . . . Some wandering shepherd one day seeking shelter from a storm and discovering a sodden despatch-case and a mouldering umbrella . . .

The very slab to which he was desperately holding might be the coping-stone of such a well!

Mr. Bentham let go of it as if it were a hot plate.

It was his last coherent gesture. Mr. Bentham was through!

Coping-stone or no coping-stone, it was the nearest means of support, and his legs simply refused any longer their task of keeping him on his feet. He sank shivering on to the slab and, lowering his forehead on to the upturned palms of his hands, gave himself up utterly to despair.

Presently he began to mutter, heedless that his mutterings were audible. He cursed himself for being a coward; cursed himself for his soft, catlike need of comfort and warmth and security and a settled way of life; cursed the iron chains of habit which he had woven about himself so that they pinioned him to a piffling little daily programme which ruled his life to such an extent that he could no longer even face the unexpected without going to pieces.

What, he asked himself in anguish, was the use of such habits? "Get yourself into a silly damn groove and can't get out of it again!" he half-wept. "You 're not a man! You 're just a timid machine!" And now see what it had brought him to! "What 's the use of it?" he shouted with savage intensity.

Mr. Bentham did not, of course, expect these questions to be answered. He flung them, as it were, into the teeth of the fog—and the fog, surprisingly, answered them with the click of a latch!

It was only a very small sound, but it shattered Mr. Bentham's thoughts as effectively as if it had been the crack of doom. Jerking his head up from his hands, he realised with a shock of complete bewilderment that a door had opened just behind his back, revealing a heavily-blurred oblong of dim light.

Then the light was partly blocked by a figure bending swiftly downward, and Mr. Bentham's thoughts underwent a horrified revulsion as he remembered the murderer lurking on the moors, and pictured him making himself at home in this isolated barn.

Mr. Bentham knew for one dreadful moment exactly the feeling of a rabbit helplessly inert in the presence of a stoat, and braced himself for the shock of cold steel between his shoulder-blades.

Instead, he was addressed by a familiar voice.

"What on earth are you doing sitting out there in the cold and damp, James?" his wife asked him, her voice sharp with anxiety. "Aren't you well?"

Mr. Bentham very nearly fainted. "I—I 'm all right, dear," he managed to stammer.

"Then for goodness' sake get up!" she urged him. "I 've heard you times enough say you could find your way home blindfold from the station by sheer habit, but you never mentioned finishing up sitting on your own front doorstep like a lost sheep!"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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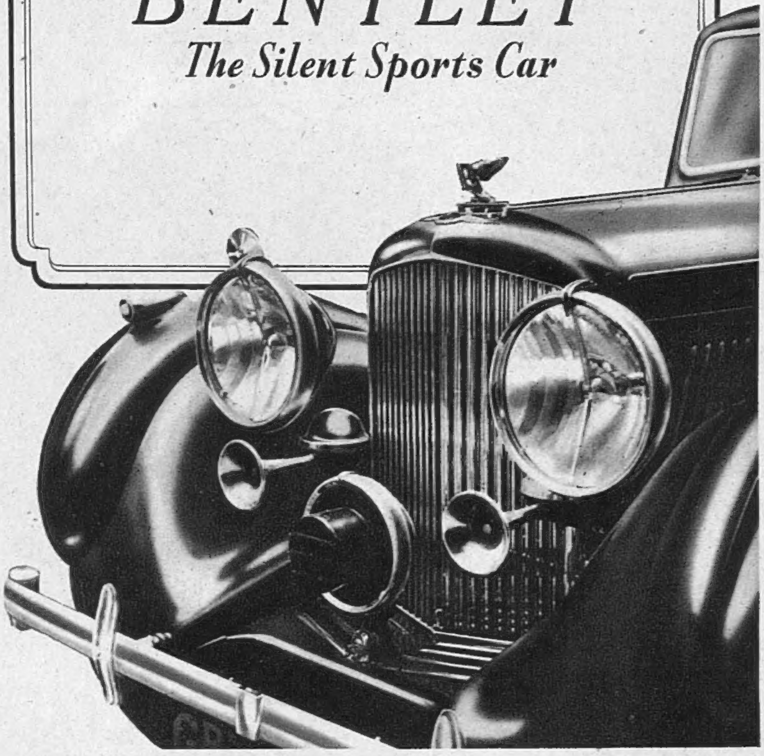

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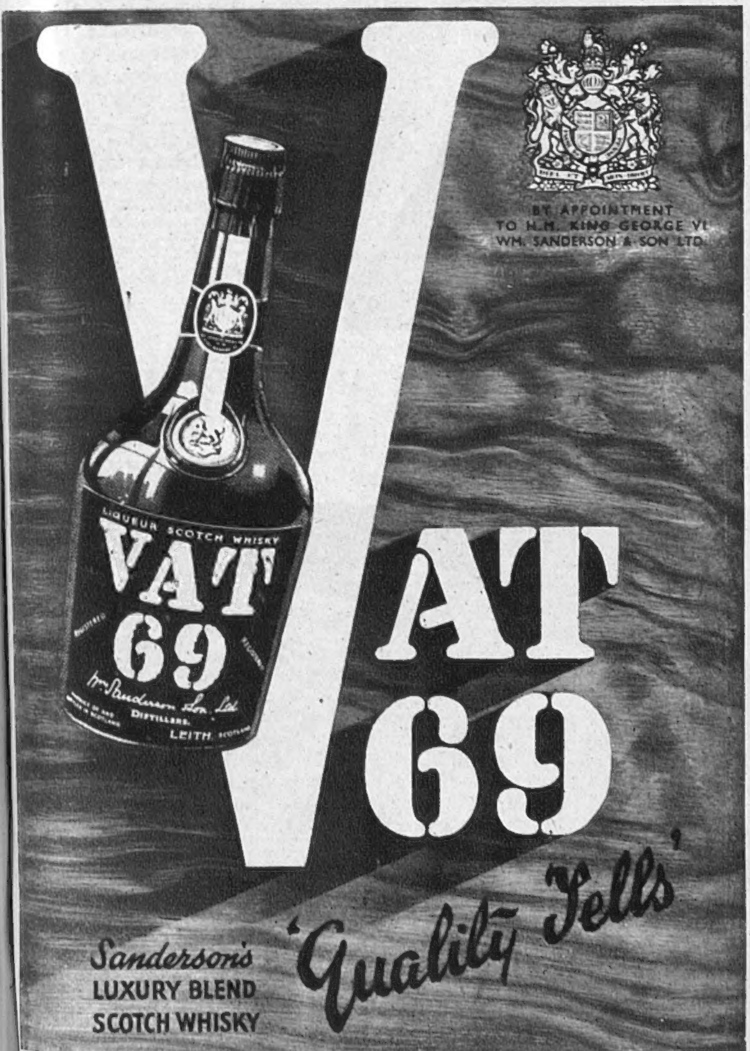

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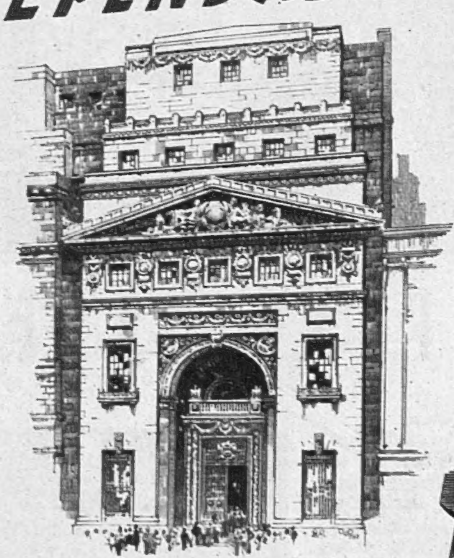

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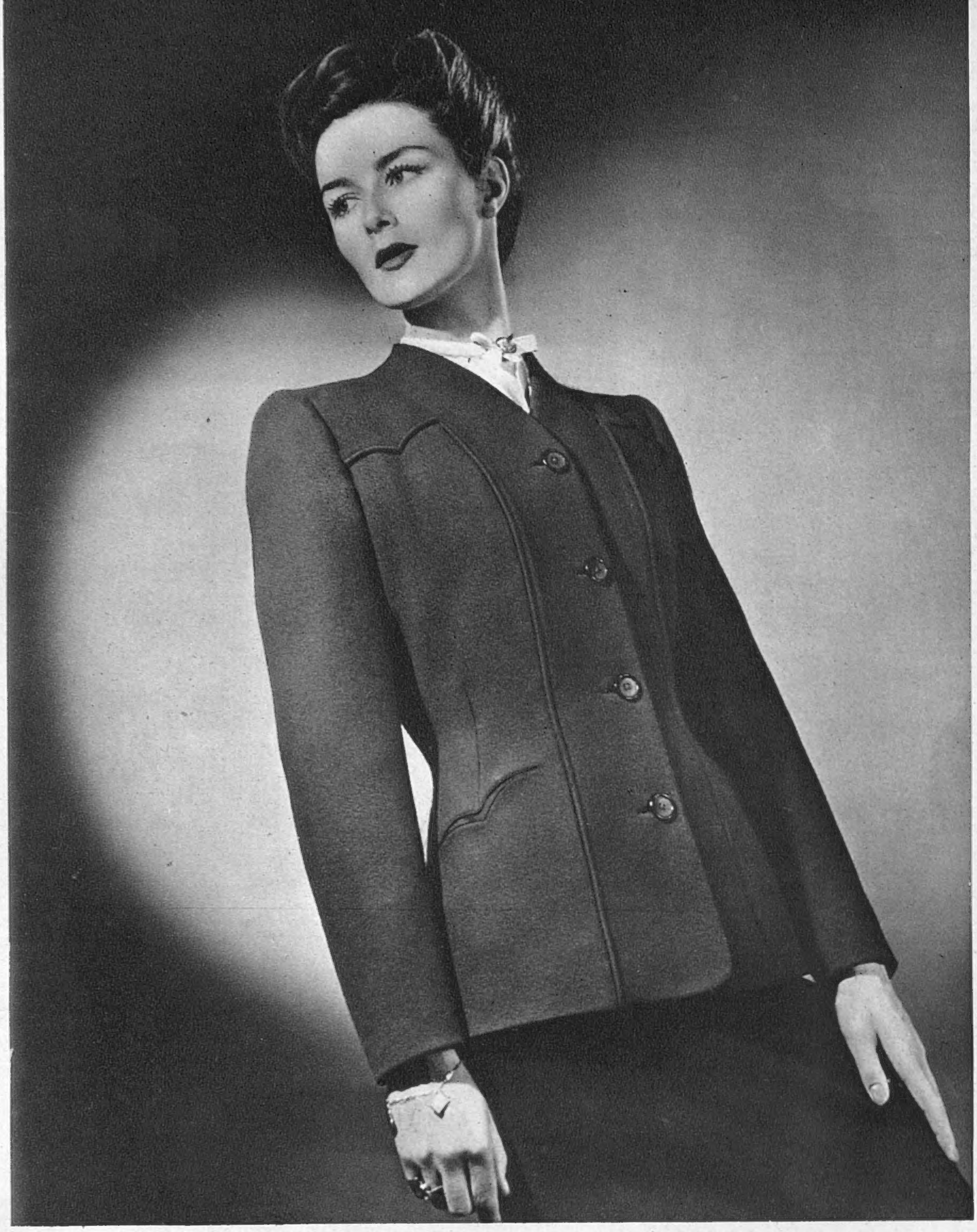

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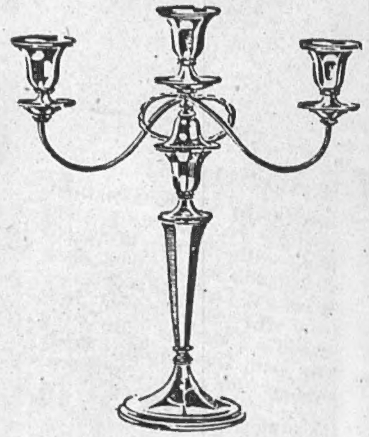

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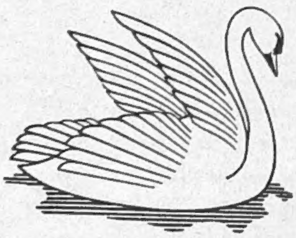

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